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Child of the Snow



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Chapter 1 by Abigail Monet

Snow flurries across my face, like fingers of ice, caressing my cheeks. It speaks to me, begging me to come and play as it sweeps through the trees. It blows through the trees, making them chatter and whisper. They are talking about me, talking to me. The long branches of the weeping willow reach for me, like a mother reaching for her broken child. She longs to pick me up and hold me close, crying for my pain.

"Hush, my loved one. This is not the end." Voices surround me, but hers is the one that grasps my attention, the one I hear.

"This is not the end."

Chapter 2 by Forge.



"You are a part of Nature," the tree continued, "There is no end, just as there was no beginning. We are all part of a larger cycle. When the transformation comes, it will come. Nature's time is Her time alone."

"Don't fight the transformation, embrace it. Let it happen. You are close to beginning a great new adventure. Draw close to me and I will comfort you as you pass."

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